

The Escape

by obsessed

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-07 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-07 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:18:35

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,577

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a sequel to 'Tears of Betrayal' it has no song, sorry...

The Escape

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Disclaimer

Disclaimer: I'm not J.K. Rowling, I don't know her, I'm not selling this, and all of the characters and places in this fanfic belong to the terrific Ms Rowling!

**ESCAPE FROM AZKABAN **

**(from the P.O.V. of Sirius Black) **

My ears rang painfully in my head, even in the silence of my cell. More dementors would be coming soon to bring dinnerÂ%at least, their pathetic excuse for a meal. More of the horrors were coming to torture meâ€!

_Sirius, you're innocent, _I thought, hugging my knees and crouching against the cool wall. _You are innocent. Someday, _I thought. _Someday you will escape and Peter Pettigrew will die. _

_ _I believed it too. I had to believe itÂ%the horrible truth of my own innocence was the only thing keeping me alive. Even with that constant thought, Azkaban was worse than anything I'd ever imagined. If the dementors hadn't sucked the memory out of me, I would have drowned myself in thoughts of my time back at Hogwarts. The time when time when James and I met Remus and became Animagiâ€ Our adventures every month were the best times of my life, and I knew that we were making Remus happy by doing what we did.

But those memories were locked away, trapped in a secluded part of my

mind that the dementors wouldn't let me reach. The only memories I could remember were the terrible ones. The day my mother died. The night I found Lily and James Potter, dead. The day Peter blew apart the street and framing me for a murder he lacked the honor to admit to. Awful memories ran through my head, over and over until I cried out in rage, my voice echoing off the stone walls. Sometimesâ€¦ sometimes I could become a dog. Being an animal gave me my mind back and I had access to those wonderful memories again. The only problem was, these transformations were few and far between, and they only lasted for a few minutes at the most. After that I turned back into a man, shivering and shaking in his prison cell.

The sound of a key turning in the lock on my door jerked me to the present. I tried to stand but couldn't and ended up sitting down on my thin bed.

The door opened and three men walked in. They were the first visitors I'd had in a year. The men were obviously from the Ministry of Magic, to judge by their badges.

A portly man in bright green bowler hat walked nervously up to me. He put out a hand and said, "Hello, Mr. Black. I am Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic."

Did he think I didn't remember him from last year? It was a minute before I realized what I was supposed to do. I shook his hand hastily and in doing so, noticed that he was holding in his left hand a newspaper, folded in half.

"This is just our annual check," said Fudge, as the other two scribbled things down on pads of paper. The three of them turned to go, butÂ%

"Mr. Fudge?"

He turned back around and stared at me.

"May I have your newspaper?"

Cornelius Fudge looked very taken aback indeed, but handed me his newspaper, the Daily Prophet.

I took it. "Thank you, Minister. I miss doing the crosswordsâ€¦"

The three of them stared, dumbfounded at the idea that I could be so normal. From the other cells I heard the yells and shrieks form the other prisoners. Sometimes I believed myself to be insane. That was when I could turn into a dog.

Only when the men left did I unfold the Daily Prophet and spot him. Pettigrew. He was in rat shape, of course. The picture was black and white and somewhat blurry, but I was certain that it was he. The foul little rat was sitting nonchalantly on a boy's shoulder amongst an entire family of magical people. The nerve! Not only that, I thought, skimming through the article. The father worked at the Ministry of Magic and the boy who kept Peter for a pet was attending Hogwarts!

I tried to push away the evil thoughts that the Azkaban guards were inflicting on me but they came back all the same. I was starting to see red. Peter Pettigrew would be right under Albus Dumbledore's

noseÃ¾ready to kill my godson at a moments notice if Voldemort started gaining powerÃ¾and I was the only one who knew.

Fear mixed with a deep burning hatred I'd never felt before washed over me. I knew exactly what I had to do. Strength welled inside me.

The door to my cell creaked open once more and I looked up. A dark hooded dementor stood in the doorway. It drew a rattling breath and the now-familiar cold smothered me and yanked me into darkness.

I was unconscious for an hour after that, dwelling on my past. I once again experienced a vivid recollection of the night I saw Lily and James, killed my Lord Voldemort and dead in their own home. I remembered the afternoon I'd been tried and found guilty. I remembered the morning they'd taken me and thrown me into this inescapable hell for the rest of my life. I am innocent! The thoughts made no difference. I was in jail.

Later that nightÃ¾or was it day?Ã¾another dementor came to bring food. I had already planned my escape. I'd have to act as quickly as possible, as I could only be a dog for a few minutes when surrounded by these monsters.

The door opened and I changed into a black, shaggy dog before the guard could suck away enough of my energy. A few happy memories came back to me, but this time I pushed them aside.

Slipping carefully past the dementor, I ran the length of the stone hallway. It was all so unfamiliarâ€¦ all this spaceâ€¦ anything but the atmosphere of my tiny cell.

I found the entrance to Azkaban by using my sharp canine senses and sniffing around for the smell of salt water.

I was starting to turn back into a manâ€¦ no! No, Sirius! This is important! Stay a dog! Stay in this shape!! There! The entrance! Through the glass door of a room crowded with dementors, I could see the sparkling ocean. I could see the sky.

The dementors didn't notice me in my dog shape. I squeezed in between them and stopped in front of the huge double doors. They were locked, but I couldn't go through anyway. Not as a dog.

My luck was hardly about to wear off though. Just as I was starting to turn human uncontrollably, a staggering line of new prisoners came in, five more dementors in the lead. I quickly hid in the shadows but it wouldn't have mattered. They were all moaning and shrieking, trapped inside their own heads. The dementors led them away and before they closed the doors, I ran out.

Before I knew it, my paws hit cold water and I waded into the ocean.

My goal now was Hogwarts. To find my godson, reveal Peter Pettigrew, and be set free.

AUTHORS NOTE: sorry this one doesn't have a song, hope you enjoyed anyway. Please review!!

End
file.